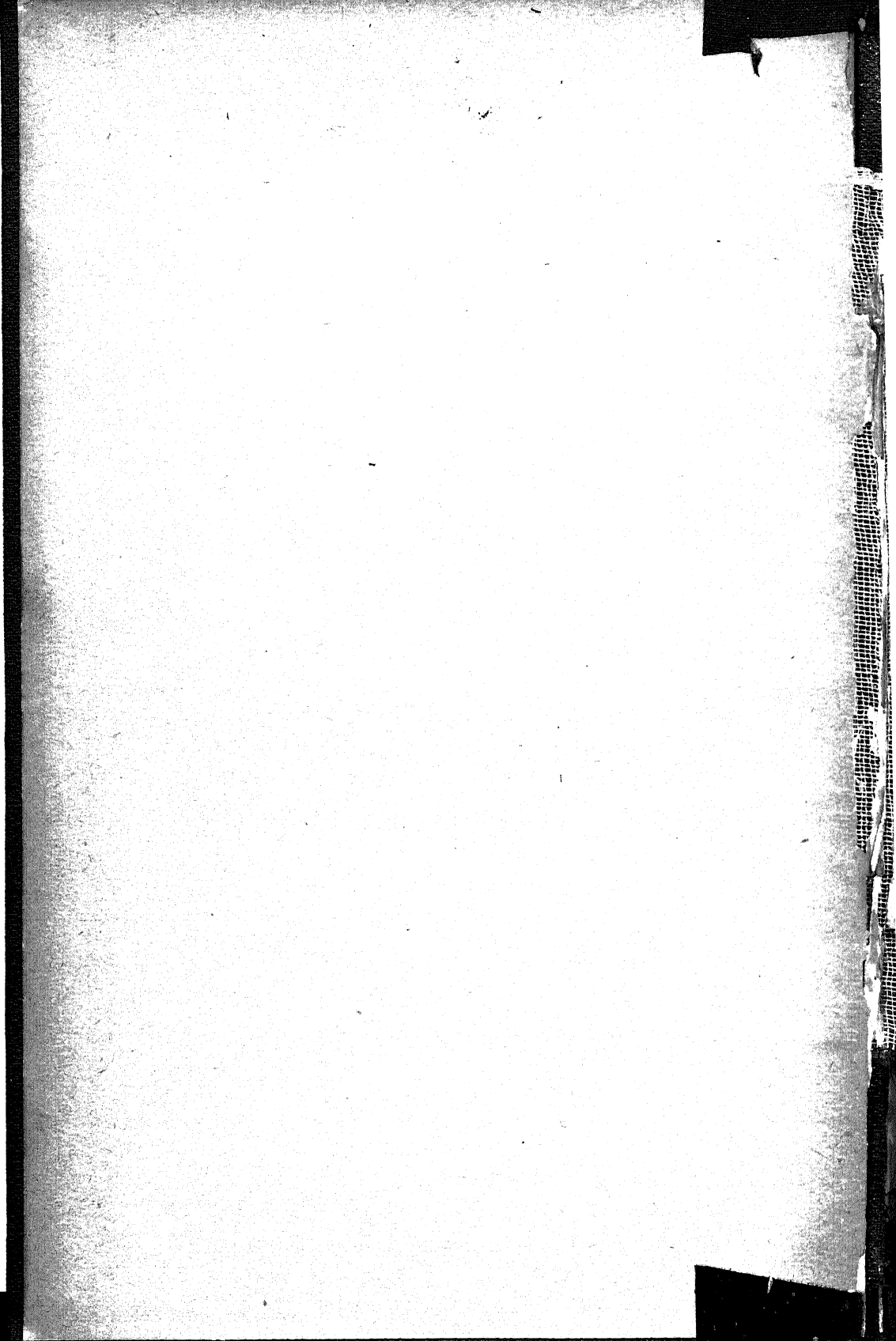
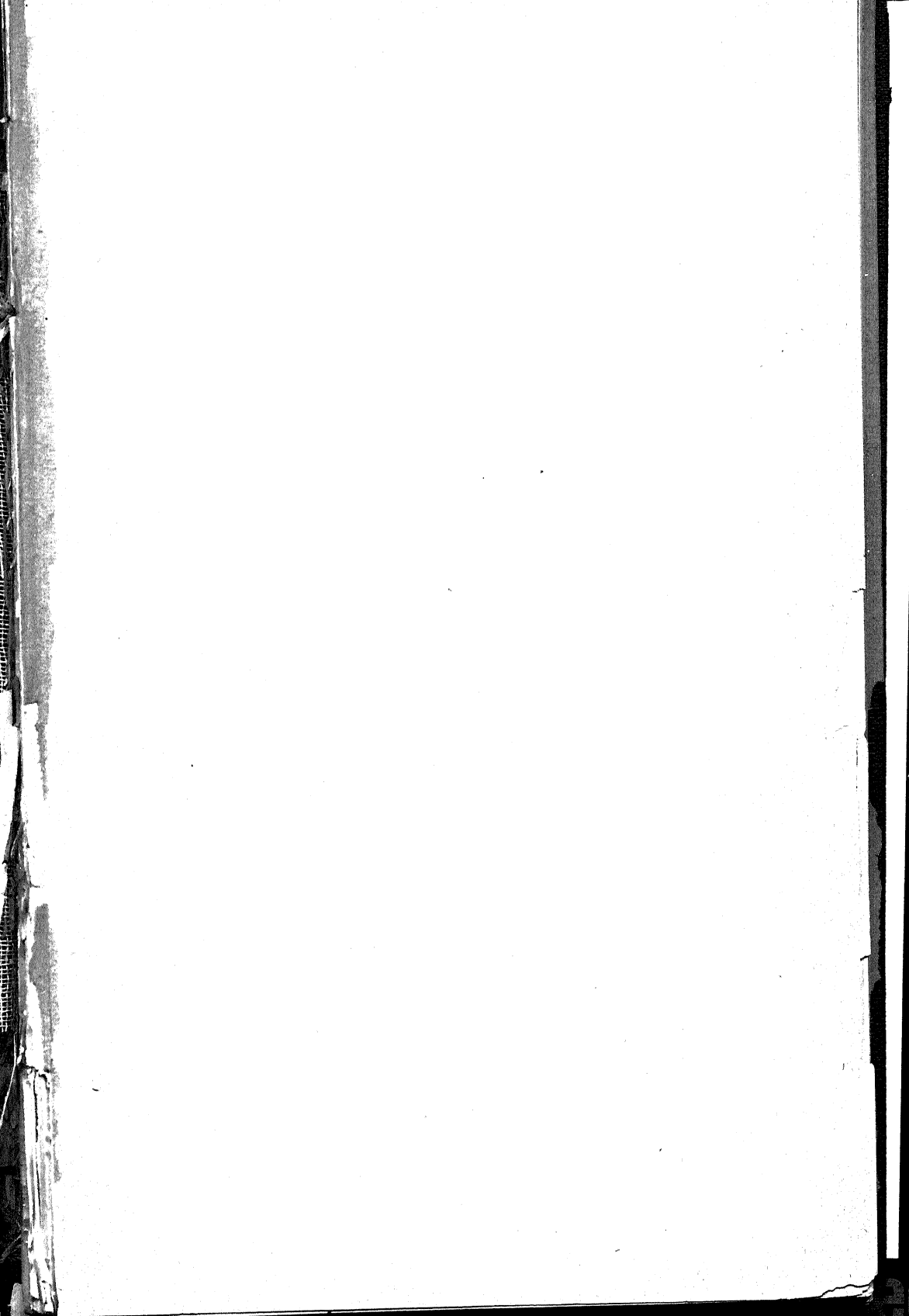


HISTORY
OF THE
REFORMED CHURCH
AT
PEAPACK N. J.

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HISTORY
OF THE
REFORMED CHURCH
AT
PEAPACK, N. J.
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

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OF THE
REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA,
34 Vesey Street, New York.
1881.

TO THE CHURCH
TO WHICH I MINISTERED FOR MORE THAN SIXTEEN YEARS,
TO DEAR FRIENDS GONE BEFORE,
AND
TO THOSE YET REMAINING,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

I desire to write something that will both entertain and benefit my readers. The history of the Peapack Church and a sketch of my own life seem to fulfill these conditions.

I have been repeatedly asked, by those in whose judgment I have confidence, to write an autobiography, and there seems a propriety in connecting it with my ministry in the only church in which I ever filled the pastoral office.

The brief biographical sketch of my successor in the pastoral office has been furnished by himself.

I have endeavored to write in a simple, straightforward manner, stating facts as they actually occurred, and at the same time showing, especially in my autobiography, how certain facts influenced and shaped my life so as to produce particular results.

With the sincere desire that the book may profit, as well as edify and please the reader, I subscribe,

Hopefully,

HENRY P. THOMPSON.

READINGTON, N. J., June 15th, 1881.

PREFACE.

It may seem strange that the history of so young a church should be written. The following considerations have prompted the writing:

1. Most of the principal actors in the organization have passed to the other side. Facts should be collected while those remain who can verify them.

2. My own pastorate began so near the organization of the church that the principal facts are well known to me.

3. Few will have the leisure—it is hoped that none will have the enforced leisure—to gather the facts which I here record.

Those who have been familiar with the relation which I have sustained to the church for almost a quarter of a century, will well know that the writing of this history has been a work of great enjoyment.

I desire to acknowledge the kindness and the assistance of the present pastor, in furnishing statistics and other matter from the records; and also of Judge Dellicker, in verifying and in giving me reminiscences of the past.

May those who read the book find as great enjoyment in the reading as I have found in the writing.

READINGTON, N. J., June 15th, 1881.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

The religious history of Peapack goes back to an early date. At the first meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, August 8th, 1738, at New Brunswick, the people of Peapack "petitioned for preaching." This was twenty years before the church at Bedminster was organized. Nothing is known of their religious privileges for many years subsequently, but after the church of Bedminster was organized, in 1758, the people of Peapack were gradually drawn to it as their church home.

Many years before the Reformed Church at Peapack was organized, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Lamington was accustomed to preach at Peapack, and a few of the people were members of that church, but the majority was counted as belonging to the congregation at Bedminster.

In 1840 the pastor of Bedminster Church, Rev. Isaac M. Fisher, died, and was succeeded, in October, 1842, by Rev. George Schenck, recently graduated from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick. He was not the pastor of the church at Peapack, but he was chiefly instrumental in having it organized. He is so well remembered and was so dearly beloved by many yet living, and withal was the pastor of most who originally formed the church and congregation, that it is deemed proper to copy the following notice of him from Dr. Messler's "Historical Notes:"

"A friend characterizes him as an humble, meek and fervent Christian, marked by more than an ordinary degree of spirituality, yet of a lively disposition, of a ready wit, and a foe to sanctimoniousness. He was a man of unbending integrity, and strictly conscientious in all his sentiments. He possessed great activity and perseverance. His small and diseased frame contained as brave and resolute a spirit as ever came from the Almighty's hand. He had warm sympathies, a great tenderness of feeling, and was devoted in his work. He spoke the whole truth with faithfulness and pungency, not fearing the face of man. Yet his fidelity was unmixed with harshness. The love of souls glowed in his heart, and the law of kindness was on his lips. With a good intellect and habits of study, his public services were instructive and interesting."

The "lecture-room" at Peapack was built in 1844. In reference to the building of it, Judge Dellicker wrote:

"I call to mind an incident or two, characteristic of Rev. Mr. Schenck. At the time the lecture-room was about to be built, it met with considerable opposition. One party said 'it would be the means of delaying the building of a church.' Another party said 'it would hasten a church organization.' Well, we got what we could subscribed. At a meeting of Mr. Abraham Tiger, Schenck and myself, Schenck said, 'What shall we do?' I remarked, 'We leave that to you.'" He then said, 'Build! If the people of Peapack won't pay for it, we three can.' This was agreed to. The house was built, and we got the money to pay for it easily."

The influence of Mr. Schenck's spirit and enterprise have often been seen in the promptness and liberality with which the people of this church have always met claims made upon them. Thus, in this sense—not often applied—"He being dead, yet speaketh."

In the year 1847, a "local option" law, at the request of temperance men, was passed by the legislature of New Jersey. Domine Schenck exerted all his influence to carry the measure in Bedminster township, *and it was done!* On all suitable occasions, in public and in private, he urged the adoption of the measure. He went to different parts of the township to deliver public addresses on the subject. He exerted a greater influence in behalf of this than any other man. It has been well said by those who were not called temperance men, "No other man could have carried the measure in Bedminster township." It was owing largely to Domine Schenck's efforts that the people voted for the measure, and the credit of it was freely accorded him. After one year the law was repealed. Temperance men are now urging "local option" again. It is no new thing.

Dr. Messler has given the particulars of organization, but there was preliminary work to do, some of which I note. Domine Schenck frequently presented the subject of a church to the inhabitants of Peapack. Some were in favor of taking prompt action; others opposed, notably one—D. W. Dellicker—who was a prominent man in the neighborhood, and attended Domine Schenck's preaching at Bedminster, but was not a member of the church. Dellicker had proved himself an enterprising and liberal man in the congregation at Bedminster. (He has proved himself such for thirty-three years in the Peapack congregation.) He was repeatedly importuned to go into the enterprise, but he was firm in saying "No." At length he said to Domine Schenck, "We can build a church, but the trouble will be to support it afterward. If you will find ten men—and I'll be one of them—who will agree to pay a certain sum [which he named] annually for its support, then you may count me for the church." The Domine suggested that if the people would

build the church, the Board of Domestic Missions would help them afterward; but Dellicker answered, "Never! If we can't support a church, we won't build it."

The church was organized in the lecture-room October 31st, 1848. Thirty-six members presented their certificates from other churches. There were thirty-one from Bedminster, four from the Presbyterian Church at Lamington, and one from the Congregational Church at Chester. The first consistory was constituted by ordaining, as elders, Jacob Tiger, Peter Demott, Abraham Cortleyou and Nicholas Tiger; and as deacons, Henry H. Wyckoff, James S. Todd, John S. Felmy and Jacob A. Clauson. Of these eight men, seven at least are dead. At the organization, Dr. Messler preached a sermon from Proverbs viii: 34; Domine Schenck ordained the consistory; and Rev. Mr. Stoutenburgh, of Chester, offered prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The corner-stone of the church edifice was laid July 10th, 1849. Domine Schenck, Dr. Messler and Rev. J. K. Campbell of North Branch, made addresses. Revs. J. F. Morris and Daniel Johnson, of Mendham; L. I. Stoutenburgh and Abraham Williamson, of Chester; and — Oackley, were also present, with Rev. Wm. Anderson, who had recently graduated from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick.

The church was dedicated January 15th, 1850. The pulpit was occupied by Domine Schenck, Revs. J. K. Campbell, D. D. Demarest and J. M. Knox, with the pastor, Rev. Wm. Anderson, who presided. The sermon on that occasion was preached by Rev. D. D. Demarest. Domine Schenck offered the dedicatory, and Rev. J. M. Knox the concluding prayer.

Mr. Anderson was an excellent pastor. The church and

congregation grew under his ministry. He attached numbers to himself and the church, who had never before attended the Reformed Dutch Church. During the year 1850, a well-located, commodious parsonage was built near the church; so that, two years from the date of organization, they had pastor, church, lecture-room and parsonage, all ready to do the work of the Church. Is it any wonder that Dr. Messler says, "This church has had a prosperous career from the beginning"? After the writer became the pastor, he received a letter from Rev. Mr. Anderson, in which he said, "You will find them [the church at Peapack] a loyal people." Whether he intended "loyal" to himself as pastor, or "loyal" to the church, I do not know. The writer counts it among the chief sources of his happiness, that for more than sixteen years it was eminently true of them in both senses.

The land for the lecture-room at Peapack was leased by Mr. Shobal Luse to the consistory of the Reformed Dutch Church of Bedminster, for \$10, for the term of seventy years. Mr. Luse gave the land for the church and graveyard in 1849. This was enlarged by the addition, in 1859, of about half an acre, bought of Jacob J. Tiger, at \$150 per acre, the same as he gave for the farm of one hundred and thirteen acres from which it was taken. At the same time the consistory bought of him, at the same price, about one-quarter of an acre of land as an addition to the parsonage lot. This, as it originally existed, three-quarters of an acre, had been bought of Moses Craig for \$100.

After the parsonage was built, the consistory found the church debt to be about \$2000, and they determined to try and raise it immediately. The congregation was small, and had given liberally, but the debt was felt to be a burden which

must be removed. Dellicker, as a business man, was called in to consult with the consistory. He proposed to take the assessment-roll for taxes, (he was the assessor in Bedminster township,) divide the debt *pro rata*, according as they were taxed that year, and ask each one interested in the success of the church to subscribe that amount toward the payment of the debt. After considerable demurring on the part of individuals, it was agreed to, and the infant church was freed from debt.

An elder who had considerable property, and to whom the plan was proposed, objected, saying, "What! Tax me for the church debt? No!" "Very well," said Dellicker, "then I'll throw this paper in the fire." "*No you won't*; you've got some names on it. What'll you burn them up for?" "Because, if it's wrong for *you*, it's wrong for *me*, and I mustn't do it." The old man saw the point, and said, "Let it alone, and put my name on too."

Injustice would be done to the memory of the dead did I fail to mention the great help, pecuniarily and otherwise, which the Tiger family, Jacob Tiger and his sons, John, Abraham, Nicholas and Christopher, rendered this church. Even David, who was deaf and dumb, always had his money ready, and was anxious to help pay the minister's salary as often as the collector called for it. Shortly after the church was organized, Rev. Mr. Schenck playfully said to Prof. Van Vranken, "They have taken all my Tigers away from me." Father and sons, except the youngest, Christopher, are safely garnered in the Church triumphant. Thanks to the Great Head of the Church, he yet remains, and is both able and willing to help bear forward the ark of the Lord. Jacob J., the elder son of John Tiger, left \$1000, by will, to the Reformed Church at Peapack, the interest to be paid annually, forever, towards the minister's salary.

A friend who has known the Tiger family well, for forty years, who has been intimately associated with this church from its beginning, and to whom this manuscript was shown before it was sent to the printer, says, "You may truthfully say more of the Tigers, as they were, and could always be, relied on in any emergency."

In the spring of 1856, Rev. Mr. Anderson accepted a "call" to the Reformed Dutch Church of Fairview, Ill. The church at Peapack remained without a pastor until July 7th, 1857, when the writer, then just from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, was ordained and installed. His introduction to the church was in this wise: At the close of his "middle year" in the Seminary, Dr. How, of the First Reformed Dutch Church in New Brunswick, said to him, "I have been appointed by the Classis of New Brunswick to preach at Peapack the fourth Sabbath of July. Will you fill the appointment for me?" The answer was in the affirmative. The day was fine; a good congregation was in attendance both morning and afternoon, and this was his first introduction to the church at Peapack, twelve miles from his father's house.

Two of the elders, William J. Savage and Andrew S. Cole, representing the consistory, early in January, 1857, made proposals of a settlement to Mr. Thompson, as soon as he should pass his final examination. Shortly after, having received a favorable reply, the attention and the kind wishes of the people were directed to him as their future pastor. During the vacancy of the pulpit, Classis supplied them on alternate Sabbaths. From the 1st of April of the year 1857, Mr. Thompson received his regular salary, though he was not yet "settled," and attended to supplying the pulpit on the Sabbaths that Classis did not furnish them with preachers. This is recorded, not only as

a fact in the history of the church, but to show the liberal spirit which the consistory showed, thus early, toward their future pastor.

At my examination for ordination, by the Classis of Philadelphia, Dr. Gabriel Ludlow took three hours to examine me on theology. He was a good theologian, familiar with the system of theology then taught in the Seminary at New Brunswick, and went regularly through it; and altogether, I never had a more satisfactory, and at the same time thorough examination. Two of the elders from Peapack were present. The Classis had taken a recess from the church in the morning, to dine at my father's, and to continue in session at his house during the afternoon.

The Peapack congregation was neither wealthy nor large, but united. Probably owing to the fact that ten of the most prominent men had subscribed a like amount toward the yearly support of the church at its organization, about that number always expected to give a like amount toward any object for which the church undertook to raise money. The following may be taken as an example: When the writer had been the pastor for a few months only, it was proposed to cancel a debt of some hundreds of dollars. Dellicker, a good accountant, not a member of the church, but interested in everything which concerned its welfare, with one of the consistory, was appointed as a committee to make an exhibit of the pecuniary affairs of the church. After the report was made, a form of subscription to raise the amount was adopted, when Dellicker promptly said, "Come, Mr. Demott, you and I are the boys to start this." "Well, write your name," said Mr. Demott, "and write mine the same." Seven others said to him, "Write on," without seeing the paper or knowing

what was written. Each of those men *wanted to give* and *expected* to give the same as any one of them.

This was one reason why money could be so easily raised in the Peapack congregation. Take another instance: When the consistory, in 1872, decided to enlarge the church, and a subscription for that purpose was started among members of the consistory, only *one thousand dollars* was at first subscribed. Four thousand was the estimated amount wanted. Mr. Andrew S. Cole, to whom I hereafter refer as "a most active and efficient elder," said, "Gentlemen, it isn't worth while to try to raise the amount if this is all we can do here." His words were like magic. Most of those present doubled their subscriptions. Those who had subscribed \$100 made it \$200, and those who had given \$50 gave \$100.

In the congregation was an elderly man who was generally known as a Unitarian. He was really an Arian. He was decidedly literary in his tastes, and fond of an argument. In my early years in the ministry, he tried frequently to draw me into an argument on some religious topic, but I always avoided it. He had a very retentive memory. Start him almost anywhere in the Bible, and he could go on and repeat long passages *verbatim*. He was a great help to me in learning to quote the Bible accurately. I recall several instances when, going from the church, he has said, "How is that passage of Scripture you quoted, in that part of the sermon, this morning; how does it run? Ah, I thought you said so, but I think it is so," (repeating it.) While he thus prompted me to carefulness, I soon learned to wish for the presence of Moses Craig in church. I often met him—at his own house, in the field or on the road, and sometimes, though not often, in my study—and his conversation, in which he usually took the lead, was always edifying.

He was very much interested in the work of revising the Scriptures, which, however, he did not live to see completed, (he died in 1874,) and spoke of it as "one of the greatest undertakings of our day."

In the fall of 1861, a furnace was put under the church, not only as a better means of heating it, but that more room might be given for seating the people. Six new pews were added, occupying the place where the stoves had stood. In his anniversary sermon of 1862, the pastor said, "The general attendance on the public preaching of the Word has greatly increased; so much so that, with the addition of six new pews, not less than a dozen more are required to meet the demand the present season. * * Pains have been taken for the regular seating of the people by assigning two, and, in some cases, three families to the same pew." In less than thirteen years from the laying of the corner-stone of the church edifice, it was found to be entirely too small to accommodate the people. And there was constant growth spiritually. In less than fourteen years from the organization with thirty-six persons, there were one hundred and eighty members. God had continually blessed them, temporally and spiritually. During the history of the church there has been no time of a special, abundant outpouring of the Spirit when a large number came, at once, into the church. Eighteen is the largest number that ever united with the Peapack Reformed Church in one year. But God's presence in his converting power, has not been wanting. The additions have been as the flow of a steady stream, never swollen beyond its banks, but continually flowing on to fulfill its appointed mission.

The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, in the *Independent* of March 31st, 1881, says:

"Some years ago I felt distressed that we had no such seasons, [of revival,] and I carefully examined our church-book, comparing ten years of the former with ten years of the present pastorate. I was surprised to find that the average of admissions to the church was slightly greater during the latter decade. So I thanked God that, though he had granted us no such special seasons of 'showers of blessing,' yet that, in His mercy, he had all the time been giving us the small rain and the gentle dew, and had been encouraging not merely the preacher, but all the workers of the church, by proofs of his presence and co-operation."

With this sentiment the writer fully sympathizes.

Dr. Messler says, in his eighth memorial sermon, "God's covenant has not failed, nor has His Church been deserted. The Church lives, even when her members are gathered to her fathers." The writer is forcibly reminded of his own experience and that of this church, when he had been pastor but two years. Two of the most prominent members, father and son, had just died; two others had removed to other places, and other changes had taken place, which seemed to militate against the prosperity of the church. The writer confesses that he was somewhat disheartened. At a consistory meeting, held about that time, the discouraging aspects of the congregation were discussed, when one of the deacons said, "The old men have borne the burden heretofore. Some of us younger ones must come up and help." That deacon never knew how much he did for his pastor just then. "The Church lives, though her members die," has often been on the writer's lips since. The church, instead of being staggered by the blow, seemed to gather up her energies, and was stronger than before. She went right on. There was not so much as a halt, even, in her progress.

In 1865, Mr. Thompson received a "call" from another

church, offering him a larger salary. After a few days, he declined the "call," whereupon the church at Peapack made his salary the same as that which he had declined.

In the fall of 1865, the church at Pottersville was organized, partly with members from the Reformed Church at Peapack. Dr. Messler, in his "Historical Notes," says, "It originated from a desire to obtain the means of grace in a locality which had been deprived of them." At their first meeting, preparatory to organization, the writer was present as adviser. The first intimation given him of the movement for a new church at Pottersville was in this wise: Pottersville school-house was one of four regularly-appointed lecturing places, on Sabbath afternoons, in connection with the church at Peapack. The September lecture had been delivered, and I had gone to take tea with Mr. Jonathan Potter. At the tea-table, he said, "Domine, we talk of having a church at Pottersville; what will you say to that?" I replied, "I hope you don't expect me to oppose it;" when he said to his wife, "That sounds good." It was then arranged that those in favor of the enterprise should talk the matter over and call a public meeting as soon as possible. That meeting was held in the school-house October 9th, 1865, and the first positive steps toward an organization were then effected. By means of this organization, the church at Peapack lost some valuable members; but by their aid, another church was established, in which many souls have been gathered, and this church was not at all impeded.

In the year 1867, that every pew-holder might be legally called on to pay a fair proportion of the sum necessary to carry on the work of the church, an assessment of fifteen, instead of six per cent., was made on the original valuation of the pews.

When the present edifice was built, the pews were not sold.

The church belongs to the consistory; and each one having rented a pew where it suits him, retains it as long as he pays the rent placed upon it by the regularly constituted authorities. This is certainly a much better way than for each pew-holder to have a deed for his pew, so that when he removes to another place, or dies, he or his heirs still claim the pew as so much property. Now, when one leaves the church, the consistory owns the pew, and can rent it to another applicant.

The writer stated in his anniversary sermon of 1869, that within ten months he had made "over three hundred calls and visits in the congregation;" that, "in making these, I have bowed the knee in prayer, in the family circle, or in the chamber of sickness or death, not less than *two hundred* times. There are none, so far as I know, in the congregation, on whom I have not thus called within a year, and not more than five or six families with whom I have not prayed within the same time."

In the spring of 1872, the consistory resolved to enlarge the church. The original church edifice was 40x60 feet. The enlargement was 20 feet, with a recess of 5x15 feet added to the length of the church, but extending 6 feet on either side, so that the addition was 20x52 feet, with a recess of 5x15 feet. The builder was Aaron Hudson, of Mendham, N. J. The walls were frescoed, the aisles were newly carpeted, and the pulpit newly furnished. The whole cost was \$4500. It was November before the church—having been closed during the summer, while the congregation worshiped in the lecture-room—was opened again for divine service.

In reference to re-seating the people after the addition had been made, the consistory resolved that "pew-holders have the privilege of taking pews in the same relative position to the pulpit which they held before the church was enlarged."

But, alas! in less than two months, on January 12th, 1873, between two and three o'clock A. M., two young men, passing along the road, discovered the church to be on fire, and immediately gave the alarm. Although about thirty men were quickly present, nothing could be saved; and by morning light the people of the Reformed Church in Peapack could adopt the words of Isaiah lxiv: 11, "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire." The church had taken fire from the smoke-pipe of the furnace. On its way to the chimney it passed very near to a piece of timber in the foundation, and here the fire had evidently taken. But the pipe had been in the same position for several years; why had it not taken fire before? Since the enlargement of the church, soft coal had been used, because it burned more briskly and gave more heat in the church. Burning so briskly, it heated the smoke-pipe so much more than usual, that it at length fired the foundation and burned the church. Great was the consternation of many, who had not heard of the fire, as they came to church that morning and found it a heap of smouldering ruins.

The congregation assembled in the lecture-room, that morning, for worship. It was a bright morning, with good sleighing, and a large congregation assembled. The pastor extemporized from Deuteronomy xxxi: 6, "Be strong and of a good courage," having chosen the text while the church was burning.

A meeting of the congregation was soon called, to take measures to build a new church. They resolved to build as soon as practicable.

Judge Dellicker, who had been so intimately connected with the organization, and the building of the church and parsonage, in 1849-1850, was unanimously chosen as chairman of the

building committee, but he peremptorily declined, saying that his business engagements positively forbade his serving on the committee; but he would render any assistance he could. M. P. Crater, C. Tiger, and A. Rarick were appointed the building committee. The committee visited several churches, but finally concluded to report in favor of adopting the chapel at Schooley's Mountain Springs as the model. They so reported to a meeting of the congregation, and they were instructed to proceed with the building.

A subscription was immediately circulated, and three men present subscribed \$500 each; some gave \$200, some \$100. So that great encouragement was felt. The committee soon engaged John Cole, of Mechanicsville, to build the church. Twenty-five hundred dollars insurance on the old church was received from the "Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company," of Readington, N. J., and \$2000 from the "Mendham Mutual," of Mendham, N. J.

The present church edifice is 43x75 feet, with a recess 5x14 feet, as part of the pulpit. The front is flanked on the west side by a square tower, 14x14 feet, for the bell, so that the ringing of it does not jar the building in the least. This tower is fifty feet high, surmounted by a spire sixty feet high. At the opposite corner is a smaller square tower, with a turret, sixty feet high. There is a vestibule eight feet wide, leaving the main audience room 42x65 feet. The church seats comfortably four hundred persons, besides an end gallery for organ and choir.

Cole's contract was for the building above the foundation, to be finished, ready for occupation, except frescoing, for \$10,800. Cole built himself a monument. The whole cost of the building, bell, furniture, etc., was nearly \$14,000.

The building committee "laid up" the foundation, and finished a room, under the church, twenty feet square, for furnace, coal, etc., so that every place where there is fire could be easily seen.

The church was dedicated January 8th, 1874. Rev. C. H. Edgar, of Easton, Pa., preached the sermon from Zechariah vi: 12, "Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Behold the man whose name is The Branch, * * * he shall build the temple of the Lord." The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Henry P. Thompson, the recent pastor. Rev. James Le Fevre, of Raritan, N. J., and Rev. C. H. Pool, of Bedminster, made addresses. Rev. Mr. Mead, of the M. E. Church of Peapack, also took part in the services, and Judge Dellicker read a financial statement of the affairs of the congregation. The day was fine, the services interesting, the house was filled, and the people were glad again to have a church in which to worship.

Soon after this Rev. Charles E. Anderson, who had been settled about one year from the time of his graduation at Princeton, in the Presbyterian Church of Port Kennedy, Pa., was called. His call dates April 30th, 1874, and he was installed by a committee of the classis of Raritan, June 17th, A. D. 1874. He is well "settled" in the affections of the people. The church under his care has maintained her standing among those which surround her.

In July, 1873, during the absence of Rev. Mr. Thompson for several days from home, the parsonage barn was burned. The fire was first discovered about two o'clock in the afternoon of a bright Summer day, and the building must have been fired by an incendiary. Mr. Peter Z. Smith, passing along the road, was the first to discover the fire. The carpenters working at the church went immediately to the scene of the burning build-

ing, but nothing could be done toward saving it. No clue to the firing was ever discovered, nor did suspicion rest upon any one.

A new barn soon occupied the place of the old. A proper insurance was received of the "Farmers' Mutual," so that no great loss was experienced. The writer's supposition is that *some one* thought the buildings belonging to the church might as well all correspond. He is led to this supposition because the contents were *fully*, and the building *sufficiently*, insured.

What changes a few brief years have made! While writing the history of the church, the writer finds that at least thirty persons of mature years, within the bounds of the congregation, have died since his pastorate closed. With many of these he was wont, in years past, to take sweet counsel—all were his friends. O, that he could write, "All have gone to join the Church of the First Born on high." We know that many of them have, and the rest we must leave with a just and merciful God, who, we are sure, will do what is right.

Among the number was Andrew S. Cole, a most active and efficient elder in the church.

One of the most active and zealous members this church ever had was William J. Savage. He did not join with the church at its first organization, but came soon after. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Mendham, but thought best to leave a large and well-established church to cast in his lot with a new and small organization. He once said to the writer: "I have been happier in my church relations here than I was at Mendham, *because* I have had to *do* more and *give* more. I believe God makes it up to those who labor and give for His cause." The life of such an one was a blessing, and his

end was peace. He rests from his labors and his works follow him.

One of the best friends the church ever had was Peter Demott. He was an elder at Bedminster, but left it when this church was organized, that he might serve as an elder here. He was very active at the time of the organization of the church, and opened his house for the reception of the family of its first pastor till the parsonage was built. In this he was warmly seconded by his good wife—a true mother in Israel. They were very warm friends of the church as long as they lived. Mrs. Demott died in 1862, and Mr. Demott in 1873.

Too much praise cannot be awarded Rev. William Anderson, the first pastor, for the early success of this church. His zeal and energy accomplished much for the infant enterprise. Much of the comfort and pleasant surroundings of the parsonage are owing to him. On one occasion, when doing some manual labor, aided by a son, on the parsonage grounds, the son said: "We're probably doing all this work for some one else to enjoy, and I think we may as well quit." "Why, my son," replied the Domine, "if so, some one else is working for us elsewhere." He has continued to manifest the same care in behalf of the outward affairs of the church since. After leaving one of his later charges, he said to one to whom he was recommending the church, "It is a desirable place, and everything is in order about the church, the lecture-room and the parsonage, *except one of the stone steps leading to the basement of the church is cracked!*" But while he was so particular about the outward affairs of the church, he was very zealous and earnest in reference to her spiritual condition. In this respect also he did a good work for this church.

The church, after thirty-three years of existence, still has

its third pastor. It has a membership of two hundred and forty. It is well equipped, and doing its work under the direction of the Great Head of the Church. May His blessing attend it always!

At the organization of the church there were thirty-six members received. Before a pastor was "called" there were seven members added. The first who made confession of her faith in Christ, and united with the Reformed Church at Peapack, was Catharine Maria Huff, now the wife of Jacob Dilts, of the Third Church of Raritan, N. J.

There were received into the church during the nearly seven years ministry of Rev. William Anderson, one hundred and one members. During a little more than sixteen years of that of Domine Thompson there were two hundred and forty received. During about seven years of the present pastorate there have been seventy-four received.

Since the organization of the church there have been four hundred and nineteen baptisms, and one hundred and thirty marriages solemnized.

The record of deaths is not merely of members of the church who have died; it is rather a record of funerals which the pastors of the church have attended. Of these there have been three hundred and six, making an average of a little more than nine and a quarter per year. Of the members received there has been an average of more than twelve per year.

This church, in its brief history of less than *thirty-three years*, has had losses and trials to bear, and been called upon to put forth efforts and to bear burdens which a less enterprising and earnest people would not have borne. They have been literally "*tried by fire*;" but, in view of these statistics and many precious results which cannot be represented by figures, not one

regrets what has been done, or suffered, or borne, to found this church and bring it to its present state. It has been the means of bringing salvation to many precious souls; a home of support, and comfort, and cheer, to many amid the trials of life, and the efficient means of the religious education of numerous families; a fountain of blessing to the whole community; and a means of helping on the great work of the Church, even the bringing of this world into subjection to Christ.

Many good results of founding this church are already visible, but they cannot yet be told nor estimated. The time for that has not yet come. We need an enlarged vision, a greater comprehension, to enable us to measure these results. The cross of Christ has here been uplifted for thirty-three years; the truth of God, unto salvation, has been proclaimed to a whole generation; error has been combated, and holy living been encouraged; during this time, hundreds have been brought to Christ, many of whom have already gone home to glory; hundreds more, or even thousands, have heard the word of God statedly, or occasionally, the influence of which is seen in their lives here or elsewhere. Besides all this is the influence of the Sabbath-school, many of its pupils showing in their lives, in other states and communities, what they here obtained of good.

Think also of the silent but potent influence exerted by the mere witnessing of the observance of the Sacraments, of the wide-extended influence of the prayer-meeting, and of the regular maintenance of all the means of grace. We cannot begin to compute them, but we count them as results of the establishment of this church. We shall know more about it hereafter.

LIST OF CONSISTORIES.

Two Elders and two Deacons retire every year, and the same number are put in their places.

1848-9.

ELDERS.

JACOB TIGER,
PETER DEMOTT,
ABRAHAM W. CORTELYOU,
NICHOLAS TIGER.

DEACONS.

HENRY H. WYCKOFF,
JAMES S. TODD,
JOHN S. FELMLY,
JACOB A. CLAUSON.

1850.

CORNELIUS LA TOURETTE,
ISAAC CRATER.

B. V. D. VAN ARSDALE,
B. H. HORTON.

1851.

JOHN TIGER,
WILLIAM J. SAVAGE.

C. TIGER,
Z. Z. SMITH.

1852.

JAMES S. TODD,
PETER DEMOTT.

ELIAS D. LAURANCE,
RULIFF V. A. CORTELYOU.

1853.

JACOB A. CLAUSON,
N. TIGER.

JACOB H. LINDERBURY,
ANDREW S. COLE,
PETER J. MELICK.

1854.

WILLIAM J. SAVAGE,
ABRAHAM W. CORTELYOU.

ANDREW RARICK,
B. H. HORTON.

ELDERS.

ISAAC CRATER,
Z. Z. SMITH.

A. S. COLE,
PETER DEMOTT.

JAMES S. TODD,
N. TIGER.

A. RARICK,
WILLIAM J. SAVAGE.

Z. Z. SMITH,
B. H. HORTON.

C. TIGER,
B. V. D. VAN ARSDALE.

N. TIGER,
A. S. COLE.

PETER DEMOTT,
J. H. LINDERBURY.

M. RHINEHART,
B. H. HORTON.

Z. Z. SMITH,
THOMAS FRITTS.

DEACONS.

WILLIAM H. CORTELYOU,
JOHN W. TIGER.

1856.

J. H. LINDERBURY,
B. V. D. VAN ARSDALE.

1857.

JOHN W. DEMUN,
PETER J. MELICK.

1858.

MARTIN RHINEHART,
JOHN W. TIGER.

1859.

J. B. DEMOND,
J. S. GARRABRANT.

1860.

WILLIAM DEMUN,
THOMAS FRITTS.

1861.

MORRIS M. CRATER,
IRA H. PATREY.

1862.

N. P. TODD,
J. W. TIGER.

1863.

M. P. CRATER,
AUSTIN CLARK.

1864.

J. P. DEMOTT,
H. H. TIGER.

ELDERS.

A. S. COLE,
C. TIGER.

A. RARICK,
NICHOLAS TIGER.

PETER DEMOTT,
J. H. LINDERBURY.

M. P. CRATER,
A. S. COLE.

C. TIGER,
M. M. CRATER.

B. H. HORTON,
A. S. COLE.

N. TIGER,
Z. Z. SMITH.

M. M. CRATER,
JAMES H. WINGET.

C. TIGER,
M. P. CRATER,

A. S. COLE,
T. FRITTS.

DEACONS.

M. M. CRATER,
J. B. DEMOND.

1866.

JACOB K. DEMOTT,
JOSEPH H. SMITH.

1867.

J. S. GARRABRANT,
JONAS C. MELICK.

1868.

DANIEL J. COLE,
PETER S. PETTY.

1869.

P. T. SUTPHEN, M. D.,
WILLIAM P. BARKMAN,
JACOB Z. SMITH.

1870.

JAMES H. WINGET,
JACOB Z. SMITH.

1871.

A. DAVIS,
J. B. DEMOND.

1872.

WILLIAM N. WACK,
AUSTIN C. CLARK,
WILLIAM BALLENTINE.

1873.

J. M. TODD,
J. Z. SMITH.

1874.

R. H. LAYTON,
GEORGE BALLENTINE,
G. BIGGS.

ELDERS.

C. TIGER,
Z. Z. SMITH.

M. M. CRATER,
A. S. COLE.

THOMAS FRITTS,
AUSTIN CLARK.

C. TIGER,
JAMES H. WINGET.

B. THORNTON, M. D.,
Z. Z. SMITH.

JOHN AUBLE,
ENOCH BEDELL.

DEACONS.

E. M. BEDELL,
LOUIS MANNON.

1876.

B. THORNTON, M. D.,
G. S. VAN ARSDALE.

1877.

WILLIAM BALLENTINE,
GARRET BIGGS.

1878.

JOHN AUBLE,
JOHN DEMOTT.

1879.

W. W. HORTON,
ABRAHAM AMMERMAN.

1880.

JOSIAH LUDLOW,
EUGENE A. BOYLE.

LIST OF MEMBERS IN FULL COMMUNION.

NOTE.—This list contains the names of all the persons received into the full communion of the church from its organization to April 1st, 1881.

A.

Angleman, Mary W. Backer, wife of Elias.	Ammerman, Sarah Misner, wife of David.
Ammerman, Hannah.	Allen, Delia.
Arrowsmith, Elizabeth.	Ammerman, David.
Apgar, Hannah Whitehead, wife of David.	Ammerman, Catharine M. French, wife of David.
Ammerman, David.	Aller, Austin C.
Ammerman, Rachel Lyons, wife of David.	Ammerman, Sarah Ann Petty, wife of Abraham.
Anderson, Sarah Louisa Ryerson, wife of Rev. William.	Anderson, Alonzo N.
Anderson, Jane, widow of Andrew.	Auble, John.
Ammerman, Susan Tiger, wife of John.	Auble, Henrietta Luse, wife of John.
Apgar, Ellis A.	Angleman, Elias, Jr.
Anderson, Sarah Matilda.	Anderson, Joanna B., wife of Rev. Charles T.
Ammerman, Julia.	Anderson, R. May, sister of Rev. C. T.
Angleman, Elias.	Allen, Mary A., wife of Theodore.
Allen, Jane.	Ammerman, Abraham E.

B.

Bowden, Alletta Ditmas, wife of James G.	Barkman, William P.
Britton, Jane Vroom, widow of William.	Barkman, Helen Ann Crate, wife of David.
Bogart, Lydia C. Devore, wife of John R.	Backer, Harriet Elizabeth.
Bishop, Joseph K.	Butler, Abram C.
Bishop, Gertrude, wife of Joseph K.	Bird, John.
Backer, Frances Caroline.	Bowers, George H.
Barnes, George.	Bird, Mary Chapman, wife of John.
Barkman, Sarah Ann La Tourette, wife of William P.	Barkman, Sarah Elizabeth.
Boyle, Eugene A.	Belton, Rebecca Jeroloman, wife of Patrick.
	Biggs, Garret.
	Bedell, Enoch M.

Ball, Richard.
 Ball, Margaret A. Compton, wife of
 Richard.
 Ballentine, Eliza.
 Ballentine, William.
 Ballentine, Mary E. Mullen, wife of
 William.
 Ballentine, George, M. D.
 Berry, Sabina.

Berry, Ella.
 Berry, Jennie.
 Bishop, Joseph.
 Bishop, Gertrude, wife of Joseph.
 Bishop, Mary Elizabeth.
 Bishop, Margaret.
 Bedell, Ella M.
 Bertron, Mary G.
 Boyle, Hannah M. Todd, wife of Eugene.

C.

Clawson, Jacob A.
 Clawson, Julia Ann Backer, wife of
 Jacob A.
 Cortelyou, Catherine S. Stevens, wife
 of Ruliff V. A.
 Clawson, Levi.
 Cortelyou, Abraham W.
 Cortelyou, Elizabeth, wife of Abra-
 ham W.
 Crater, Isaac, Sr.
 Crater, Ann Arrowsmith, wife of
 Isaac, Sr.
 Crater, Isaac, Jr.
 Crater, Elizabeth.
 Crater, Caroline.
 Cortelyou, William H.
 Cortelyou, Ruliff V. A.
 Clawson, Oley Wortman, wife of
 Levi.
 Crater, Abigail Runyon, wife of
 Morris P.
 Compton, Elizabeth Walker, wife of
 Job.
 Chivis, Maria Arrowsmith, widow of
 John.
 Compton, Margaret.
 Cole, Andrew S.
 Clawson, Sarah Jane.

Cole, Fanny Emmons, wife of Andrew
 S.
 Cortelyou, Elizabeth M. Fields, wife of
 William.
 Crater, Morris M.
 Crater, Mary Ballentine, wife of Mor-
 ris M.
 Crater, Morris P.
 Compton, William L.
 Clark, Austin.
 Clark, Lavinia C. Melick, wife of
 Austin.
 Conaway, Catherine Ann.
 Cole, Daniel Johnson.
 Connet, John L.
 Conover, Mary Haas, widow of David.
 Cole, Emma Flomerfelt, wife of Daniel
 J.
 Conaway, Catharine Fleming, wife of
 Cornelius.
 Cortelyou, Sarah Hartough, wife of
 Herman.
 Crater, Esther, wife of Morris P.
 Conaway, Jane.
 Conover, Alletta A.
 Conover, Peter M.
 Conover, Harriet E. Best, wife of Peter
 M.

D.

Demott, Peter.
 Demott, Lydia Kirkpatrick, wife of
 Peter.

Demott, Ida.
 Demott, Ann Elizabeth.
 Demott, John.

Demott, Henry Vroom.	Darling, Lucinda L.
Dellicker, Matilda Cranmer, wife of D. W.	Demott, Elizabeth Melick, wife of Peter.
Ditmas, Sarah Voorhees, wife of Nicholas.	Demott, Jacob K.
Ditmas, Margaret.	Demott, Chris. V. Losey, wife of Jacob K.
Demund, John W.	Dorn, Rachel Ann.
Demott, John P.	Demond, Eliza A.
Demott, Anna M. Vanderveer, wife of John P.	Demond, Mary G.
Demond, Matthias Lane.	Daley, Arabella Bay, wife of Daniel.
Demond, Anna Miller, wife of Mat- thias L.	Davis, Abraham.
Demond, John B.	Demott, William S.
Demun, William.	Davis, Cynthia A. Jeroloman, wife of Abraham.
Demun, Sarah M. Crater, wife of William.	Demond, Eliza Catharine.
Daley, John N.	Demott, Ida.
Daley, Mary Elizabeth Lunger, wife of John N.	Dow, John A.
Daley, Mary Jane.	Dow, Gertrude N., wife of John A.
	Demott, Helen, wife of H. V.
	Demott, John V.

E.

Edwards, Hannah Maria, wife of John F.	Emmons, William H. K.
Enders, George.	Ertz, ——— Norris, wife of Philip.
Emmons, Elizabeth.	Enders, Elizabeth,
Edgar, Sarah Jane.	Enders, Anna M.
	Elick, Lewis Edward.

F.

Felmly, John S.	Flomerfelt, Sarah.
Felmly, Ann Stothoff, wife of John S.	Flomerfelt, Jacob.
Fritts, Thomas.	French, Ruth A.
Flomerfelt, Eliza Sarah Lance, wife of Thomas.	Fritts, Enoch.
	Fritts, Emma.
	Feller, Daniel.

G.

Garrabrant, Sarah Brittain, wife of Jacob S.	Garrabrant, Emily A.
Garrabrant, Elizabeth Maria.	Garrabrant, Jacob S.
Garrabrant, Sarah Ann.	Gamoe, Joseph.
Garrabrant, Jane C.	Gamoe, Mary Ann Call, wife of Joseph.
	Guerin, Nancy E.

Garrabrant, Anna S.
 Genter, John.
 Gulder, Cantha H.
 Garrabrant, Delphine E.
 Garrabrant, Mary Ann Tiger, wife
 of Henry.

Gulder, Ellen N.
 Garrabrant, Olivia T.
 Garrabrant, Jennie A. Dawson, wife of
 Richard.

H.

Horton, Barnabas H.
 Horton, Sarah Ann Tiger, wife of
 Barnabas H.
 Huff, Catharine Maria.
 Howell, Susannah.
 Hedden, Mary Petty, wife of George.
 Horton, William W.
 Honeyman, Susan Crater, wife of
 John.
 Howell, Catharine, wife of Elipha-
 let.
 Horton, Eliza Ann Luse, wife of
 William W.
 Hoffman, Henry C.
 Hoffman, Catharine E. Rhinehart,
 wife of Henry C.
 Horton, Abigail Call, wife of Barna-
 bas H.
 Haas, Rebecca Van Dyke, wife of
 Archibald.
 Howell, Catharine, widow of Eli-
 phalet.

Hull, Martha D. Sutphen, wife of
 Theodore.
 Hill, Mrs. Peter F.
 Hall, Frances Henrietta, wife of Philip.
 Haines, Clementina Garrabrant, wife
 of John.
 Huff, Lydia Ann Jeroloman, widow of
 Richard.
 Hill, Lambert.
 Horton, William H.
 Horton, Sarah Elizabeth.
 Hagins, J. B.
 Hagins, Mrs. J. B.
 Hoffman, Peter.
 Hoffman, Jane E. Dalrymple, wife of
 Peter.
 Honeyman, Sarah.
 Howell, Catharine.
 Howell, Lydia E., wife of Peter.
 Hoffman, Mrs. Joseph.
 Hoffman, Peter A.
 Hoffman, Kate L., wife of Peter A.

K.

Kinney, Simon.*
 Kennedy, Henry L.
 Kennedy, Catharine Wortman, wife
 of Hiram H.
 Kagen, Lambert.

Kagen, Eliza.
 Kagen, William.
 Kagen, Elizabeth Hill, wife of Adam.
 Kagen, Anna.
 Kagen, Euphemia.

L.

Ludlow, Cornelia Irving, wife of
 Charles.
 Ludlow, Charles.
 Lance, Nancy A. Cook, wife of Morris.
 La Tourette, Cornelius.

La Tourette, Elizabeth, wife of Corne-
 lius.
 Linderbury, Jacob H.
 Linderbury, Mary Ann Vliet, wife of
 Jacob H.

* Born March, A. D. 1780, and still living.

Laurance, Lydia Sutton, wife of Elias D.	Leigh, Hannah R. La Tourette, wife of Gabriel H.
Luse, Ann Whitehead, wife of George.	Lance, Amy.
La Tourette, Cornelius.	Linderbury, Richard V.
Laurance, Elias Dayton.	Luse, Sarah Jane.
Lane, Abraham.	Luse, Henry.
Lane, Catharine Jane Demond, wife of Abraham.	Luse, John H.
Ludlow, Josiah.	Ludlow, Mary.
Luse, Henrietta.	Lomason, John.
Lane, Abraham.	La Tourette, George A.
Lane, Catharine T. Demond, wife of Abraham.	La Tourette, Mary Elizabeth Angelman, wife of George A.
Ludlow, Angeline.	Ludlow, James I.
Ludlow, Henry.	Layton, Robert H.
Luse, Mary.	Layton, Mary Ann Drake, wife of Robert H.
	Lomason, Emma.
	La Tourette, Addie.

M.

Melick, Peter J.	Melick, Elizabeth.
Melick, Margaret La Tourette, wife of Peter J.	McMurtry, Lydia Van Arsdale, wife of James.
McMurtry, Catharine Elizabeth.	Morton, William B.
Messler, Martha Esther.	Melick, Mary Jane.
McMurtry, Mary, wife of Robert.	Mills, Elizabeth.
Misner, Daniel H.	Miller, Mary B.
Melick, Maria Jane.	McMurtry, Margaret.
Melick, Gertrude.	McMurtry, Isabella Amanda.
Miller, Catharine Bayre, wife of John.	McMurtry, Eli.
McMurtry, James.	McMurtry, Lydia.
Melick, Sarah M. Lane, wife of Jonas C.	McMurtry, Margaret S.
Messler, Catharine Bartles, wife of Cornelius.	McCollum, John.
Melick, Jonas C.	McCollum, Eliza Ann McMurtry, wife of John.
Mills, Elizabeth.	Mullen, Andrew J.
	McMurtry, Mary Helen.

N.

Nichols, Amelia.

O.

Ogden, Maria Louisa, widow of H. W.	Oakes, Phebe A. Todd, wife of William.
	Oakes, Carrie B.

P.

Petty, Christianna Smith, wife of John.	Petty, Adaline, wife of John W. De-mun.
Perry, Hannah Craig, wife of Samuel.	Petty, Sarah Ann.
Petty, Julia Ann.	Patrey, Sarah Ann Crater, wife of Wil-liam L.
Patrey, Theodocia R. Hite, widow of William V. D.	Pierson, Christopher V. C.
Pierson, Susan Compton.	Pierson, Sarah Solomon.
Patrey, Ira H.	Patrey, Catharine Elizabeth Logan, wife of Ira H.
Petty, William.	Petty, Peter S.
Petty, Malinda, wife of Peter S.	Petty, Marietta V.
Petty, Mary Ann, wife of Henry.	Petty, Euphemia K., wife of Harvey.
Petty, Henry.	

Q.

Quimby, Mary E.

R.

Rarick, Andrew.	Rhinehart, Mary E. Hageman, wife of Martin.
Rarick, Sarah Ann Wortman, wife of Andrew.	Rhinehart, Hannah Heldebrant, wife of David W.
Rhinehart, Martin.	Rhinehart, David W.
Rarick, Anna L.	Rhinehart, Ellen L.
Rarick, Elias W.	Rhinehart, Emma A.
Rush, Elizabeth.	Ricker, Henry V.

S.

Smith, Nancy M. Ludlow, wife of John S.	Savage, Margaret Smith, wife of Wil-liam J.
Smith, Mary, widow of Zechariah.	Smith, Parmelia Rush, wife of Jacob Z.
Smith, Ann Amelia.	Sherwood, Ebenezer K., M. D.,
Skinner, Jeremiah.	Sherwood, Jane M. Wilcox, wife of Augustus.
Skinner, Catharine Todd, wife of Jeremiah.	Smith, Eliza Ann Van Nest, wife of William Z.
Sherwood, Elizabeth Honnel, wife of Ebenezer K.	Sherwood, Marshall.
Sherwood, Elizabeth H.	Smith, John.
Smith, Zechariah Z.	Savage, John J.
Smith, Elizabeth Stevens, wife of Zechariah Z.	Stevens, Phebe Ann Oliver, wife of George J.
Sherwood, Augustus.	Sturges, Margaret (widow.)
Snediker, Matilda Nesbit, widow of John E.	Smith, Ellen E.
Savage, William J.	Smith, Mary Celinda.

Smith, Margaret.
 Smith, Mary Ann.
 Smith, Joseph H.
 Smith, Luther C.
 Space, Melvina.
 Smith, Ann Daley, wife of Abram.
 Sutphen, Joseph Smith.
 Smith, Sarah.
 Salmon, Rebecca, wife of James.
 Smith, James C.
 Smith, Alletta Catharine Philhower,
 wife of James C.
 Schenck, Emily.
 Smith, Jacob Rush.
 Smith, Maria.
 Smith, Josephine.
 Sutphen, Arthur P.
 Sutphen, Sarah E.
 Sutphen, Peter Theodore, M. D.
 Stevens, Sarah Ellen.
 Sutphen, Peter.
 Sutphen, Martha Ann Melick, wife
 of Peter.

Smith, Jacob Z.
 Smith, William.
 Smith, Catharine Guest, wife of Wil-
 liam.
 Smith, Carrie.
 Smith, Amanda Drake, wife of Jacob
 Rush.
 Smith, Henrietta Bird, wife of Oscar.
 Stevens, Georgianna.
 Stiger, Hampton A.
 Struck, John N. Jay.
 Stevens, Elizabeth M., wife of George J.
 Sharp, Caroline C. Trimmer, wife of
 William.
 Stevens, Hattie E.
 Smith, Mary Louisa.
 Smalley, Laura E.
 Sutphen, John.
 Sutphen, Harriet Todd, wife of John.
 Sharp, Mary G.
 Sharp, Eliza.
 Scudder, Carrie.
 Stevens, Cornelia.

T.

Tiger, Jacob.
 Tiger, Christiana Garra-brant, wife
 of Jacob.
 Tiger, Nicholas.
 Tiger, Hetty Ann Huff, wife of
 Nicholas.
 Tiger, Charity Wortman, widow of
 Jacob.
 Tiger, Sarah Howell, widow of Peter.
 Todd, James S.
 Todd, Margaret, wife of James S.
 Tiger, Christopher.
 Tiger, Catharine Skinner, wife of
 John W.
 Tiger, John W.
 Tiger, Mary Smith, wife of John.
 Todd, Sarah Emans, wife of Daniel.
 Tiger, Angeline Haas, wife of Chris-
 topher.

Tiger, Martha.
 Tiger, Mary Ann.
 Tiger, Elizabeth La Tourette, wife of
 William J.
 Tiger, Sarah.
 Tiger, William J.
 Tiger, Henry H.
 Tiger, Sophia D. Philhower, wife of
 Jacob J.
 Todd, Lydia.
 Tiger, Catharine Cole, wife of Henry
 H.
 Todd, N. Patterson.
 Todd, Esther Ann C.
 Todd, Augustus William McDowell.
 Tiger, Jacob J.
 Todd, Emily Barkman, wife of John.
 Todd, Caroline Wolfe, wife of David
 M.

Tiger, Rachel Ann Miller, wife of John Harvey.	Todd, John M.
Thompson, Sophia Ward, widow of Rev. William J.	Thornton, Byron, M. D.
	Thornton, Martha B. Dunham, wife of Byron.

V.

Van Nest, Nancy, wife of John.	Van Dyke, Esther Tingley, widow of Philip.
Van Arsdale, Brogan V. D.	Voorhees, Jane Elizabeth.
Van Arsdale, Susan Jemima Crater, wife of Brogan V. D.	Van Arsdale, Ann Elizabeth.
Van Dorn, Elizabeth Hazel, wife of William I.	Van Arsdale, Euphemia C. Wolfe, wife of William.
Voorhees, Maria Cortelyou, wife of Martin.	Van Arsdale, Mary Ann Van Doren, wife of Charles.
Van Dorn, Deborah Hite, wife of Isaac.	Vliet, Simon J., Jr.
Van Arsdale, Philip E.	Van Arsdale, Jacob W.
Van Arsdale, Elsie Voorhees, wife of Philip.	Van Arsdale, Mary Jane.
Van Vleck, Rachel.	Vliet, Elizabeth A.
Van Vliet, Alletta W. Hoffman, wife of John.	Van Doren, Ida.
Van Arsdale, John W.	Van Doren, Mary Ann.
Van Doren, Eliza Cooper, wife of Peter.	Van Arsdale, George S.
Van Doren, Mary Jane.	Van Arsdale, Mary Elizabeth Ball, wife of Orlando.
Vliet, John.	Van Arsdale, Sarah Louisa.
	Van Arsdale, Sarah J. Potter, wife of George S.
	Van Doren, Mary Ann.

W.

Wycoff, Henry H.	Wolf, Emaline.
Wycoff, Elizabeth Vroom, wife of Henry H.	Wood, Margaret.
Wolf, Elizabeth, wife of James.	Winget, James H.
Wolf, Nancy Savage, wife of Thomas.	Winget, Catharine Smith, wife of James H.
Wolf, Sarah J. Melick, wife of Jacob T.	Woodruff, Harriet Ludlow, wife of John H.
Wolf, Mary Ann Beck, wife of Da- vid P.	Wack, William N.
Wycoff, Elizabeth S.	Wack, Mary H. Fritts, wife of Wil- liam N.
Wycoff, Elizabeth Alpo, wife of Martin.	Wack, Elizabeth F.
Wood, Ann.	Wood, Catharine Henry, wife of James.
Wolf, Martha Jane.	Wortman, John.

Wack, Mary.	Winget, Calvin S.
Wolfe, Mary A.	Woodruff, John H.
Wolfe, Eliza Conaway, wife of	Wolfe, Euphemia Jane.
Austin.	Wilson, Alice M.
Wolfe, Sarah E.	Wack, William W.
Winget, Anna A.	

Y.

Young, Adam.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
REV. C. T. ANDERSON.

Charles Thomas Anderson, third son and fourth child of Alexander Gordon Anderson, a native of Scotland, and Eliza Hoadly Ames, a native of Wayne county, Pa., was born in Wayne county, Pa., September 26th, 1849. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution, and his father in the war with Mexico.

His father died when Charles was two years old. When he was about four years of age his mother moved from Pennsylvania to New Jersey, leaving him to the care of an affectionate and energetic grandmother. His mother reclaimed him at the end of a year, and re-united her little family of four children in a humble home at Liberty Corner, Somerset county, N. J.

The year spent with his grandmother in Pennsylvania is remembered with peculiar interest. If he did not learn during this period all three of the Spartan accomplishments, he learned one, at least, viz., "to ride." He often rode on horseback with his grandmother when she "went out to spend the day."

When he was nine years old his mother married a second time, and moved with her husband upon a farm near Liberty Corner.

William Annin, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church of Liberty Corner, his mother's second husband, was a Christian

gentleman, and treated his wife's children with uniform kindness and consideration.

At the death of Mr. Annin, in 1872, the home near Liberty Corner was broken up, and his mother moved to Somerville, N. J., where she still resides. Mr. Anderson attended the village school in Liberty Corner during childhood. When he was twelve years old he began to study Latin in the Classical School at Basking Ridge, four miles distant. In the Summer, when the weather was fair, he walked to the Ridge and back every day. In the Winter he rode on horseback occasionally, but generally in a long-seated sulky, with two neighbor boys.

This school he attended about a year, when it was closed, and he returned to the village school. When he was between fourteen and fifteen he began to prepare for college. This step was taken with the encouragement of his pastor, Rev. J. T. English, D. D., an earnest and efficient minister of the Gospel, now deceased, whose little congregation boasts of five college graduates, and of several, besides, who entered professional life after preparatory study at school; but especially with the encouragement of a pious mother, whose faith overcame all obstacles, and who cheerfully provided means, to the extent of her ability, with much self-denial, and to whom, under God, and to *no one else*, he owes it that he is in the ministry to-day.

He attended, first, a preparatory school at Mendham, N. J., under the care of a Mr. Day. This school was also, unfortunately, short-lived, and at the end of a second term he went to "Chester Institute," Chester, N. J., under the care of Rev. L. I. Stoutenburgh, where he spent a year, and finished his preparation.

He entered the Freshman Class in Princeton College in August, 1865, and graduated in 1869. The Winter of 1869

and Summer of 1870 he spent in teaching a select school at Scarsdale, Westchester county, N. Y.

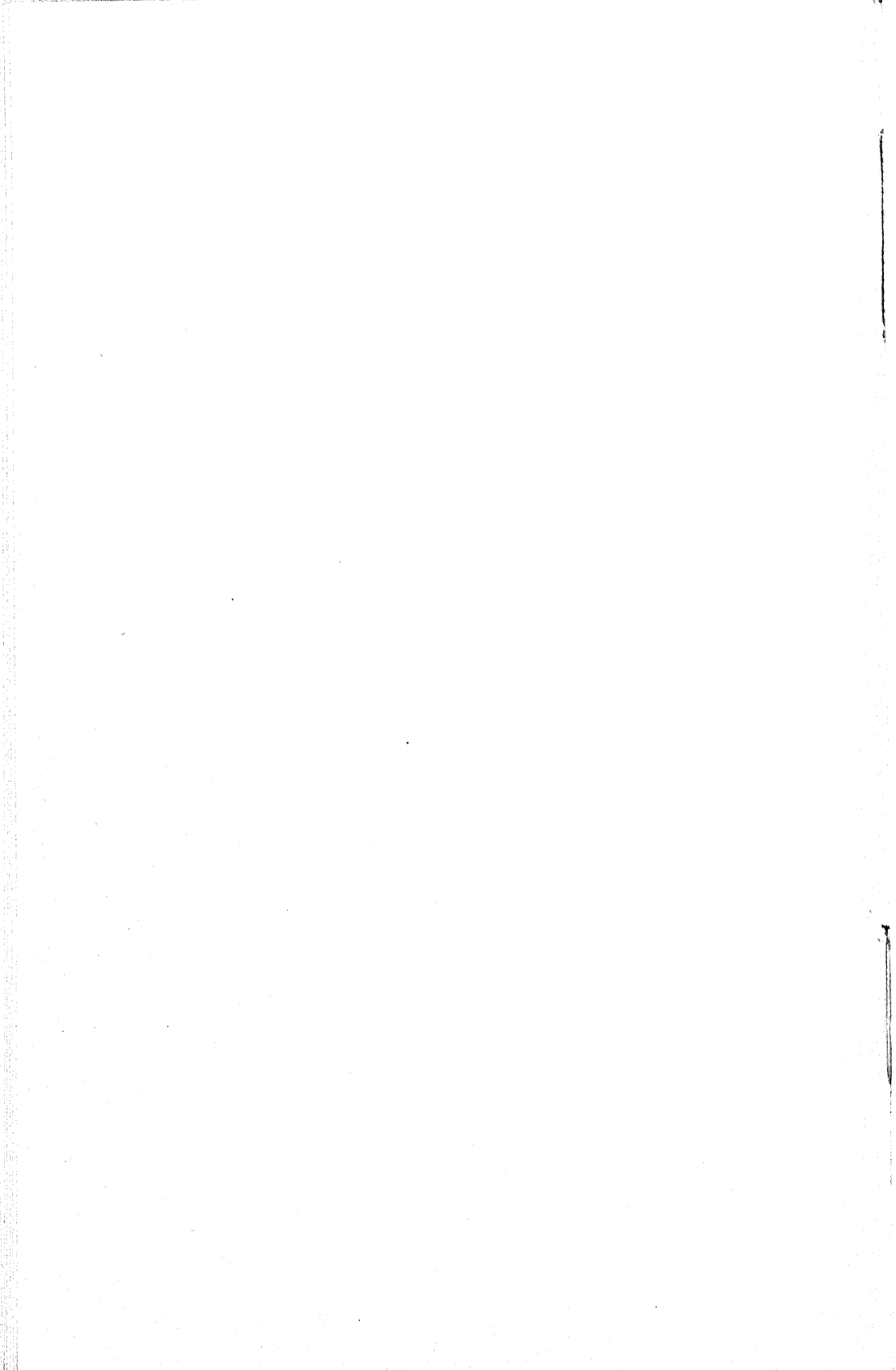
In September, 1870, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and graduated from the seminary in 1873. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Elizabeth in April, 1872.

Before graduating he was invited by the Presbyterian Church of Port Kennedy, Pa., to become their pastor as soon as he should be licensed. He was ordained and installed pastor of the Port Kennedy Church May 8th, 1873. He was married May 14th, 1873, by Rev. Abram Messler, D. D., to Joanna Bergen Van Liew, of Somerville, daughter of Simon Van Liew, late sheriff of Somerset county.

April 30th, 1874, Mr. Anderson was called to be pastor of the Reformed Church of Peapack, N. J. He was installed over this church June 17th, 1874.

During his pastorate of less than seven years *seventy-four* members have been added on confession and by letter, an average yearly addition of over ten. A debt of nearly \$5000 has been reduced to less than \$2000.

In 1879 Mr. Anderson published "All Things Pertaining to Life," an illustration of 2 Peter i: 5-7, which has been favorably received by the press.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
REV. HENRY P. THOMPSON.

CHILDHOOD.

My first remembrance is of a severe illness I had when but two and a half years old. I remember very little about it, except that the place occupied by the bed in the room, and the room itself, are distinctly marked.

It was before fever patients were allowed to have cold water to drink. My mother insisted that I should have it, but the good doctor, whom we all honored and loved as "Old Doctor Quimby," forbade it. Finally my mother said, "Doctor, let me *wet his lips* with water, at any rate." He, supposing that all hope was gone, assented, saying, "It'll do no harm now." For the time I revived.

After this it was supposed that I died. When I was laid back as dead, the watchful eye of my mother being yet upon her child, she said, "Doctor, he breathes!" Stimulants were given, and I revived.

It was during this sickness that my father and mother, as I have always supposed, agreed together (though I never heard them say anything directly about it) that if my life was spared I should be devoted to the Gospel ministry. This has been before my mind since I was twelve years old, and I have no

doubt influenced me to make choice of the ministerial profession, though I never mentioned it till now. I want here distinctly to state, however, after what I have said, that this circumstance, or no other, in my life, was ever mentioned to influence me in making choice of a profession.

I wonder if parents ever solemnly dedicated a child to God—to serve Him in the Gospel ministry—and were disappointed in having him enter it? I think that God, having all forces at his command, somehow, in due time, will turn the heart of the child in the proper channel, and will so order affairs that means are provided for the preparation of that child for the work to which he has been devoted.

My grandfather owned the house in which we lived. It was a long, low house, with a kitchen on either end. He and my father, with their families, occupied it at the same time.

How well I remember the kindness of my grandfather. I have often heard my mother speak of his kind attention to her and her little children when my father was away from home, as he often was in the Winter season, two or three days and nights at a time. My father was a teacher, and would have a school some miles away, so that he could not get home oftener than once or twice a week. At such times, my grandfather would come from his part of the house before my mother was up in the morning, build her fire in the "ten-plate" stove, and then, going to the bed, would take my older brother to the fire and amuse him till my mother, having dressed herself and me, would relieve him of his self-imposed task. And we were not his first grandchildren. Did ever a father-in-law show himself more kind?

When I was about four years old my grandfather, having bought a farm at Pleasant Run (about a mile from the "old farm") removed to it. He was equally kind, however, for

thirteen years more, when he died, (A. D. 1847,) revered and honored by all who saw him, and loved by all who knew him. My grandmother resided on the same farm till she died, aged eighty-five years, in 1861. The farm is now owned by her youngest son, Aaron Thompson.

I was in the corn-field, in the hay-field, at the barn, at the wood-pile, in the orchard, hunting eggs, and doing what busy farmers' little boys usually do.

After my grandfather moved away, my father, who was something of an enthusiast on the subject of education, (considering that he never went to school after he was twelve years old,) engaged a lady to teach his own and some neighboring children. A room was set apart for the school in the "long house" aforesaid. A Sunday-school was also organized in the same place. To both of these schools I was sent.

An incident occurred when I was about five and a half years old, which, like Macbeth's ghost, will keep coming up, though I say "down" never so often or so fiercely. I have two or three times alluded to it in Sunday-school addresses, with the hope of warning others, little boys especially, from my experience, to be more careful in their conduct.

My brother Abraham, two years younger than I, was with me under a large apple tree. There were many large apples lying on the ground, and we had amused ourselves by throwing apples at each other, a dangerous business for the eyes of little boys. After awhile, being tired of the fun, I said to my brother, "Stop! don't throw any more." He replied, "Yes, this one." I said, "If you do, I'll hit you with this," at the same time picking up what to me then seemed a large piece of wood. Presently, after threatening two or three times to throw the apple; and I as often threatening him with the wood, he

threw the apple, striking me, but not hurting me in the least. I immediately threw the wood, striking my little brother (whom I ought to have watched over and guarded from harm) on the nose and face. The blood flew, the child cried, and I was frightened. A kind-hearted girl, "help" for my mother, ran from the house, picked up my brother, and carried him to my mother. I followed at a respectful distance, to see what would be the result of my naughtiness. My mother met me at the door, and said, "You can't come in; Cain killed *his* brother." That was all that was said, but it was enough. The punishment was severe. Had I nearly killed my little brother? I did not know how severe the injury was. I had seen the blood flow freely, and now I could not see him nor know how severe his injury was. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and my father would not be home till night. When it began to grow dark my fears increased. Soon after, my father came. I was assured that fatal results would not follow my brother's injury, was forgiven, warned against a like recurrence, and allowed to go to bed.

Another occurrence about this time, which has fastened itself deeply in my memory, is the following:

I was a little more than six years old. Father and mother were both gone from home, and I was with the "hired man" at the wagon-house. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon he asked me to go to the cellar and get him his tobacco. I answered that "I would if he would give me my box full too." To this he readily assented, and a little brass box which I owned was filled. At noon it was empty. When we were called to dinner I sat down on a step in front of the house, which received the full benefit of the noonday sun. After sitting there a few minutes I wanted no dinner, nor could I even

get in the house. The same kind-hearted girl to whom I have before alluded, carried me in and laid me on the bed, where I remained till evening. That was more than forty years ago, and I have never attempted to chew tobacco since.

SCHOOL DAYS.

I now come to the time which was not only an epoch in my own life, but in the history of my father's family. In the Spring of 1838 my parents, with their four boys, removed to the farm where my father now resides, five miles from the "old farm" of my grandfather.

In the year 1836 my mother's grandfather, Abraham Post, died, aged ninety-six.* My mother and her brothers and sisters were his principal heirs. His homestead my father bought.

It was an entirely new neighborhood for all of us but mother. She was happy, but so was father. To *her* it was coming back to the home of her childhood to rear her own family. To *him*, it was coming to his own farm, where he had chosen to make a home.

My father was a very busy man. He did not work much upon the farm, but he managed it, and began to improve it by liming, composting, changing fences, "clearing up" hedges, &c. He taught school, occasionally, during the winter; surveyed a great deal of land; wrote deeds, mortgages, and wills; and so went rapidly into what has proved his great life-work—writing, settling estates, and doing public business generally.

My mother was a true help-meet for father. Meals for the hired men, as well as for her own family, were provided; the house, the garden, the poultry, the milking and churning; the children to be provided for and cared for, especially their moral

* My father's grandfather, Joseph Morehead, died in 1818, aged ninety-one.

and religious training to be attended to. The greater part of the care, and no small part of the labor of all these, came upon her willing hands.

In March, 1842, occurred a great sorrow in my father's family. He had gone to attend court, at Flemington, and would not come home—ten miles—that night. During the forenoon, a baby brother, three months old, was taken sick, and a messenger was dispatched for the doctor, three miles away. The messenger returned, saying he was not at home. The child grew rapidly worse, and in the afternoon, the doctor not appearing, the messenger was again dispatched, this time with directions from my mother, "Ride till you find him." The doctor had not yet arrived when I went to bed, in the open garret, almost directly over where the sick child lay. In the night I was awakened; my mother was sobbing, and I heard the doctor distinctly say to her, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." I knew then that the child was dead. When morning came the doctor was gone; a messenger had been sent for my father, the house was quiet, the morning work was regularly done, and special arrangements for the funeral were left till father arrived. He came shortly after breakfast. I well remember his look when he drove up; he spoke not a word, but his look expressed his feelings. My respect for Doctor Quimby was greatly increased, from the knowledge I had of his trying to comfort my mother, in her great sorrow, with words of Scripture. I wonder what proportion of physicians take advantage of their great opportunities for doing good in this way.

I neglected to mention, in its proper place in this narrative, that my parents lost a child about a year old, when I was five

years of age ; but I remember so little about it, that I will not dwell upon it.

For six years—till I was twelve years old—I was sent to school quite regularly, to a variety of teachers. I count seven that I recall now. As I remember my standing, studies, and deportment, in school, I was not one of the best scholars, nor one of the poorest ; and yet I think I was a little above the average. Those were the days of corporal punishment, yet, in school ; and during those years, my misdemeanors subjected me to it three several times. The first was when three of us put a fourth one—all about the same age—one summer day, into the fire-place of a ten-plate stove. The stove was large, and maintained its place in the centre of the school-room, all summer. It was only “for fun” that we put our play-fellow into this ashy hole. But as soon as he saw the “master” coming for the afternoon session, he ran and told him, when, as soon as school was called, “we three jolly boys” were brought up and punished, by having our hands well smarted with a large rule. The second time, for some misdemeanor, I had my ears well boxed. The third, and last time, was from a lady. There had been much confusion, that day, in the school, and the usually very amiable teacher had been much annoyed. Finally she said, “I will punish the next one that whispers.” I am ashamed to say how very rude I was ; but I have started to tell it, and will not screen the naughty boy. Scarcely had she uttered the threat, when I said to my nearest neighbor, “I’ll whisper whenever I please, and won’t ask Miss L——, either.” Immediately he told of my whispering—not honorable in him, at any rate. I was called out, and, with folded arms, philosophically received the whipping I so richly deserved. No pupil that I punished, in after years, would have stood with folded arms and received

a flogging without wincing! I have often thought my punishment was not half severe enough.

Two or three times, during this six years, I was severely ill, once when I was about eleven years old. My brother John was with my uncle, Rev. William J. Thompson, in Bergen county, N. J. It was supposed that I would die, and I was very anxious to see John. He was sent for, and came home immediately. I suppose it was during this sickness that I became a Christian, though I cannot say positively. After it, I was more interested than before, in the prayer-meeting. I was especially impressed on communion Sabbaths. During the solemn feasts, I remember saying to myself, "Why can't I be there?" I at times maintained a habit of private prayer. I suppose if I had been encouraged to do so, I would then have united with the Church. But I think that Mr. Van Liew, the minister; my parents, and the elders of the Readington church, would have been surprised that I, a mere child, wanted to unite with the Church, had it been mentioned. I am glad that children of pious parents, in these days, are *expected* to be Christians, even while they *are* children.

YOUTH.

I make this division of my narrative thus early because I then entered upon a different kind of life. Hitherto, I had been counted as a little boy, and performed a little boy's duties. But now it was different.

In addition to his other branches of business, my father was building, clearing woodlands, &c. There were carpenters, masons, and other laborers employed. There was timber, wood, and stone to cart. Much of this I did. By this means I was constantly with the men, and it pleased me. I carted wood and

grain to market, and whenever the team was wanted, I was ready and anxious to go with it.

When about fifteen years old, my father, the minister, the doctor, and a few others, wanting better educational advantages for their children than the common school afforded, employed a teacher of Latin, and established a "High School," in addition to the other, in the same building. I was sent to this school from April 1st to December 20th, 1846. In January, 1847, I went to the grammar school at New Brunswick, N. J., of which my uncle, Rev. William J. Thompson, was rector. He was then in his prime, the school was large, and for three months I studied harder than at any other time in my life.

Rev. Dr. Porter, of Brooklyn, says of him, as he knew him several years before this:

"Mr. William J. Thompson was at the head of the Somerville Academy when I was placed under his care and instruction. He was a full and exact scholar. He had the art of inciting his pupils to study. Reared in the church of Readington, and graduated at Rutgers College, he had enjoyed very ample opportunities for broadening the foundations of his knowledge. With a warm heart, capacious and active brain, and an innate nobility of spirit, he never could be settled into any cast-iron groove of cold, pulseless surrender to a formal and perfunctory discharge of routine duties. Firm and authoritative, indeed sometimes to the verge of severity, still he was magnanimous, self-sacrificing—with not a bit of the pedant or pedagogue in his composition. Blonde, blue-eyed, ruddy, of nervo-sanguineous temperament, he had a most attractive face, though not handsome, and a right princely bearing, which asserted the regnant force of the great soul within him. He knew how to translate crabbed mathematical problems into a species of epic eloquence; to make Latin and Greek texts disclose the honeyed sweetness of Hymettus, while Plato's bees

seemed to repose as at home upon his lips, when with his fervent and never-flagging enthusiasm he commended to his pupils some striking beauties in the pages of classic writers. The boys who loved books and hard study found in Mr. Thompson a friend and benefactor, who aroused them to diligence in their studies, not by promising them that they were to be presidents, governors, or senators, but by awakening in them a hunger and thirst for the higher orders of knowledge."

My brother John taught the school at Pleasant Run, in Hunterdon county, this Winter. He united with the church at this time, and wrote to me of it at New Brunswick. I was alone in the room when I received his letter. I knelt down, and, with tears of joy, thanked God for my brother's conversion. I have never made that fact known before. It has been confined within my own memory nearly thirty-five years, and is now stated as evidence that I was then a Christian. Would I have done as I did, on receipt of this knowledge, if I had not been a Christian myself?

During that Winter a large class, of which I was one, was drilled in the Latin and Greek grammars as I never knew a class to be on any other occasion. This, I think, is the true way to teach. Drill, drill, drill. Make the subject not only so that the pupil understands it, but make him *familiar* with it.

April 1st, 1847, I went home to work on the farm, and made a full hand that Summer. I have often thought that it was a very wise decision of my father which led him frequently to say to his sons, "You must learn, and actually do, everything that is to be done on a farm, and then you can always make a living. If you can get an education, and be more useful by it, and make your own living by it, too, it is well; but if

you can't, the land will always give you a living if you know how to work it."

That Fall I did a great deal of carting—rails from Potters-town, lime from Clinton, and stone (for building the Central railroad) from New Germantown. During this Fall, too, I resolved to learn the carpenter's trade. I had said nothing about it to any one, but had carefully thought the matter over and come to the above conclusion. Being at work in the barn one day, opportunity offered for me to speak to father about it. He and I were alone, and I deliberately told him of my purpose, setting forth, in glowing colors, the *pecuniary* advantages. I have often thought of the wisdom of his course with me in this matter. He quietly heard me all through, and then said, "You have made up your mind fully to this, have you?" I answered, "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "you are too young yet; you must stay at home and work two years on the farm." I thought, "If that is the case, I'll not make so much money after all." It was never again alluded to till I was over forty years old, when I told of my youthful ambition to learn the carpenter's trade.

TEACHING.

That Fall I became assistant teacher in the grammar school at New Brunswick, in my brother John's place. I maintained that position one school year, studying meanwhile to prepare for college. November 30th, 1848, the day I was seventeen years old, I united with the Second Reformed Dutch Church of New Brunswick, then under the pastoral care of Rev. D. D. Demarest, D. D.

In September, 1849, I began to teach the "Cedar Grove" school, near my father's. My brother John had taught it for

six months previously. I taught it, with two or three brief interruptions, for two years. These were happy days. I have always looked back to this time as a happy portion of my life. The exuberance of youth, the intercourse with my patrons, which was very wide and frequent, and the attention which I received as a successful teacher, all combined to make those two years pass very pleasantly. I enjoyed my teaching days very much. I often said, while they were yet fresh in memory, that if I had not been impressed with a sense of duty to go on and prepare myself for a higher sphere of usefulness—the Gospel ministry—I would have been content and happy to make teaching my life business.

STUDENT LIFE.

In the Fall of 1851, having resigned by position as teacher, I again went to the grammar school at New Brunswick, and finished my preparation for college. I entered the Sophomore Class, "half-advanced," in February, 1852. My brother John had graduated in 1851, and was teaching in Somerville. Nothing of special note occurred while I was in college. Here, as in the primary schools, I was not one of the best, nor was I among the poorest, of the students. According to grade, I stood number six in a class of twenty-two.

My brother Abraham entered the Sophomore Class of Rutgers College one year previously. He sprained his ankle a few days after the year began, and, consequently, was obliged to defer his college course one year. He came again when I went to the seminary, and entered that institution as I left it.

After graduating, I went, in the Fall of '54, to the Theological Seminary. I do not know when I resolved to study for the ministry—do not remember that I ever had any trouble

about it. It was understood by myself, and all my father's family, that I was to be a minister.

In the Theological Seminary, as before, I maintained a fair standing.

At the close of the first year—it was on Commencement Day—John and I started on a tramp through the country. Our objective point was about one hundred miles away, in Ulster county, N. Y. Father took us one morning to Mountainville—twelve miles. We walked to “Schooley’s Mountain” that forenoon, and remained there till four P. M. the next day. We then walked to “Budd’s Lake,” a distance of nine miles. The next day we were on the lake, fishing. Not having much success, we resolved to have a sail. The man who furnished the boat could not go along just then, but we went, nevertheless, both being profoundly ignorant of the management of a sail. Then occurred the most trying scene of my life—my brother John drowning, as I supposed, within a few rods of me, and I powerless to render him any assistance. But he described the scene in “Good Words,” a magazine published in New York in 1868, and I copy his description :

“We were out sailing, my brother and I. We were on a lonely lake. There was a dead calm. We concluded to try a bath. Imprudently we did not lower the sail. At last, as in sport I plunged into the water from the stern of the boat, a stiff breeze suddenly sprang up. When I rose to the surface the boat was fast running from me. My brother was in the boat, but did not know how to manage the sail, or even to lower it. I swam after it, but in vain. I turned toward the shore, but it was far away. I rested myself by swimming slowly upon my back, and struck out again for land, but it was still far away. My strength was fast going. Again and again I sank, and rose again by strong effort. Again and again I sought to find bot-

tom with my feet, in vain. Shouts of encouragement came from my brother in the boat, as my deep sobs of exhaustion and agony fell upon his ear. He was learning to manage the rudder. He had succeeded in turning the boat toward me. The breeze held. He was fast drawing near. I should turn again and swim toward the boat. I did; but she seemed still so very far away, and I could not hold on longer.

"Already long ago it would have been a relief to lie down on the bottom of the pond and die. The physical agony of that exhaustion, the choking sensation upon the breast, is horrible even in the recollection. It was only duty that kept me struggling. Duty was stronger than love of life. I saw the boat near at hand. I saw the brother who, in that short time, had become a sailor to save a brother's life, stand at the prow, rope in hand, ready to throw to me. I put forth all my strength, but my sagging head could no more be kept above water. I sank with his image firmly impressed upon my memory. I seem to see him now as he stood between me and the horizon, at the bow of the vessel driving down toward me, with tiller tied fast, assuming in his faith that the breeze would hold, as it did. He stood with one foot upon the gunwale, the wet rope, with which we had been sporting at the stern, coiled in his right hand, and raised above his head, in act to throw.

"I have often wished I was a painter, that I might paint him as he stood. Expectation, anxiety, firmness in every feature. He—but I was speaking of myself. I sank as I saw him. I must perish within ten seconds of rescue! But there was no help. I did sink suddenly. As I was wondering how long it might be before I should reach the bottom, something touched me. I felt the rope. It was wet. He had thrown it where I sank. It had reached me. I was saved! But immediately my hopes were dashed again. I dared not let go the rope. I positively had not the strength to take it again. I could not put one hand before the other. I should drown with the rope in my hand. But my body would be recovered, and that would be a comfort to those who loved me. I clutched

tighter the rope. It glided through my hands. He was pulling it in! I had not thought of that. Firmly I held on. My head came above water. I felt my brother's warm hands upon my shoulders, and I knew no more. A half hour afterwards I was begging to be let alone, lying in the bottom of the boat. Rest! rest! I wanted nothing else. I had it. Kind friends ministered to me. The next day but one I was well."

My brother never knew how earnestly I prayed that I might learn to manage the sail, and that he might have strength to "hold on" till he was rescued.

In 1855, my brother John came to the seminary. He had taught one year at Somerville, two at Flemington, and one at Trenton, since graduating; so that I preceded him one year in preparation for the ministry. He had something of a struggle in deciding that it was his duty to prepare for the ministry; but I was very glad when he thus decided.

It was my second year in the seminary when, within a few weeks of the beginning of the year, John and I were both summoned home, on account of the severe illness of my brother Aaron. He had typhoid fever, of a very virulent type. We stayed with him six weeks, when we left him convalescent. It was the only time I ever lost a minute, even, from "Lectures," during my seminary course.

My seminary course was not marked by any special incidents. I pursued the regular routine very systematically, but I came very near leaving the seminary, and foregoing the ministry, when in the middle year. I had suffered very much, for several months, from throat disease, and I very much feared whether I would ever be adapted to, or able to perform, pastoral work. I thought, too, the state of my throat might be evidence that I had mistaken my calling. I stated my case to

Dr. Campbell. He, in his decided manner, said, "You pay your own way, don't you?" "Yes; but I'll never be able to preach, after I get through." "You don't know anything about that. Go on, and get the education, anyhow; you will be so much better prepared for any other business; and, if you pay your own way, no one has a right to say anything about it, whether you preach or not." He knew nothing about my other trouble. After this, I went on, and said nothing more about it. But since my first year in the ministry, I have never had any trouble with my throat, though it was twenty-four years the 7th of July, 1881, since I was ordained.

THE MINISTRY.

My seminary life was ended. I had passed my final examination before the Board of Superintendents of the Theological Seminary, and received my professorial certificate. Some time before an agreement had been entered into with a committee of the Peapack consistory to become their pastor as soon as I was licensed by the Classis of Philadelphia, to which I belonged.

When making a farewell call upon Professor Van Vranken, who was noted for the friendly interest he took in the students, especially about the time of their settlement, he congratulated me on the prospect of going so soon to work, and of being settled so near my own home and New Brunswick also.

He gave me at that time what I have always esteemed of greater value than what I received in any other hour I ever spent with a professor.

We were talking of the work of the ministry, and I expressed myself as fearful. He said "What's the matter?" I answered, "Judging from the manner I've got along in the

seminary, I can write a sermon a week, and can deliver it ; and if need be, I can write *two* of them." " Well, then, what's the matter ? " said he. I replied, " Is that the whole work of a minister ? I can *preach* ; but to go to every man, woman and child in the congregation and say, are you a Christian, and if not, why ? this I can never do." He said, " Let me give you a little of my experience. When I was settled in Monmouth county, a good Presbyterian neighbor one day said to me, ' How do you get along ? I hear every now and then of what you have said to different ones, but *I* can't do it. I want to be faithful to my people, and when I call upon them, try to shape the conversation so as to give it a direct, personal, religious cast, but they talk me off, and talk me off, and talk me off, and I go home again disheartened and disgusted, because the afternoon is gone and I have done nothing, either by way of direct pastoral work, nor sermonizing.' I said, ' There's all the difference in the world between you and me. When I make a pastoral call I don't " beat round the bush," and " try to shape " the conversation at all. *I just begin*. They know what I come for, and I begin right off. Of course I ask after each member of the family first ; make some remark about the weather, perhaps, but then begin.' Now I advise you to do this. Don't be afraid or ashamed. Ask God's help, and you won't fail."

I was ordained and installed July 7th, 1857, about a month after leaving the Theological Seminary. The house was full, and all seemed glad to welcome their new pastor. My inaugural sermon on Ezekiel xxxiii : 7-9, was ready for the next Sabbath ; immediately after which I addressed myself to the business of calling on my people at their own homes. There were about seventy-five families, and one hundred and thirty members of the church.



When this was done I began the real work of the pastor—calling on my people at their homes to talk with them about their soul's salvation. In the field, in the shop, or by the roadside, wherever opportunity offered, Christ and his great salvation were my themes. While doing this, great care was exercised not to introduce these subjects at inopportune times and places. While carrying on this kind of pastoral work, visiting the sick was specially done; when, at the same time, my pulpit preparation was always considered as of first importance.

I cannot express the joy I felt in doing this work. Preaching was a great pleasure to me—never a drudgery. And the pastoral work, which I dreaded so much, and the fear of which, at one time, came near causing me to leave the Theological Seminary, after two years' practice came to be one of my most delightful employments, and it has continued so to this day. I record it, with gratitude to God, that I never feared the face of man, nor was insulted by man, when bringing to him the Gospel message.

The most of my congregation were farmers, and I manifested the interest I felt in their agricultural pursuits, often talking with them about the crops and the manner of cultivation. I have no doubt that this had very much to do with my being always so cordially received by them, and yet I never let this interfere with my pulpit preparation. "My pulpit was my throne," and I allowed *nothing* to interfere with it.

Soon after leaving college I resolved what course to pursue in the delivery of my sermons if I should ever preach, and I have never seen cause to change the resolution then made. The occasion of thus early marking out this course was the following: A man of middle age gave a Sabbath afternoon lecture in a school-house, where I was present. He extemporized his dis-

course. But he faltered, and hesitated, and labored so much in his speech that it was absolutely painful to hear him. I do not know whether he was used to extemporizing or not, but I resolved then, that if I ever preached I would always write my morning sermon and extemporize in the afternoon, and I have not varied from this rule twenty times since. The reasoning which prompted the rule was the following: A man who never writes *must* ultimately repeat himself and become diffuse, while he who never extemporizes must sometimes appear to great disadvantage. A public speaker must sometimes be called upon to speak unexpectedly.

One day, in the Theological Seminary, some of my class—and I among them—were speaking in a discouraged strain to Dr. Ludlow, saying that “we should always have to write what we had to say.” He encouraged us by saying, pleasantly, “Ah! young gentlemen, my only fear is that you will learn to talk too soon.” How often have I thought of this, when going to my Sabbath afternoon lectures! I have said to myself, “If Dr. Ludlow could hear you this afternoon, he would say his fears were already realized.” After two or three years’ practice in extempore speaking, I had gained great freedom in that kind of address. After that, I had no fears when extemporizing. I knew that I could talk on, and say something edifying to the congregation. But when I first began to extemporize, the thought often came to my mind, “This is too bad; you ought to have something better than this to give those who wait so attentively on your ministry.” But I persevered; with what success has been already told.

LAI D ASIDE.

It was in September, 1873, when I resigned as pastor of the Reformed Church at Peapack, N. J. I had been settled

there a little over sixteen years, and had enjoyed uninterrupted, harmonious, and very pleasant relations with it, during that time.

I had had congestion of the spine for five or six years, manifesting itself, first, in an unsteady gait, and then in a decided lameness, which had grown steadily worse for several years. I had twice, during that time, proposed to my consistory to resign, but they kindly refused to consider the proposition, and gave me "leave of absence" as long as I chose to take it. Once I had taken three months; the other time, only one month; but I had lately grown much worse, and could no longer perform pastoral work. My general health was pretty good, and I suffered no pain—indeed, such had been the case all through these years. Twice I had been at Long Branch, and tried "surf-bathing," two or three weeks at a time; twice I had been at Saratoga Springs, and drank the waters, and tried the "water cure;" I had consulted Drs. Baldwin, of New Brunswick; Gross, of Philadelphia; Willard Parker and Hammond, of New York, and Brown-Séguard—but all to no purpose.

On Thursday preceding the Sabbath that I resigned, I communicated my intention to three prominent men in the congregation, who agreed with me in the matter, but kindly suggested that I should "try it longer." I replied, "No;" and they acquiesced. On Sunday morning following, to a full congregation, after the regular service by a young man who had preached for me all summer, I

ANNOUNCED MY RESIGNATION.

Many in the audience wept—men, too, whom I had never before seen shed a tear. Could I help being agitated? Presently I said, "Don't, don't; you know, as well as I, that it is

God's will." They were quieted; the congregation was dismissed; and in three days I removed from the place. In October, A. D. 1873, the Classis of Raritan, at their regular meeting at South Branch, granted the joint request of the pastor and consistory of the church at Peapack, N. J., for a dissolution of the pastoral tie.

During these more than seven years that have elapsed since I resigned my pastoral charge, I have lived very happily as an inmate of my father's family.

In 1874, I published at the press of Honeyman & Rowe, Somerville, N. J., "INCIDENTS OF CHRISTIAN WORK." The following extract is from a notice of it, which appeared at the time in the "Sower and Gospel Field," published by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America:

"This is a little book that ought to be in every family. It contains forty-three articles, well written and well adapted to instruct and improve the reader. Simple Gospel truth, in brief essay and story, finds here an expression that will interest young and old. The author is laid aside from the active duties of the ministry, but he can and does use the press to good advantage. We hope this little book will find its way into every Sabbath-school library and into every household, and that the author, through its instrumentality, may gain large accessions to the Church of God. It is not the ponderous volume that always does the most good, but the little book that can be finished at one sitting, often wins the brightest trophies."

MY MOTHER,

dear, kind, loving mother, of blessed memory, who died August 11th, 1880, was just as kind, just as loving, as in my childhood. I had been "settled" at Peapack over sixteen years, and been away from home the most of the time for eight years

previously, but came home again with as much freedom as when a child. Mother was feeble for ten years before she died, and at times suffered severely. I think it was some time in 1875, she said, "I have wondered why I was left here; but now I see—it was *to make a home to which Henry could come.*"

Mother was confined to her bed—not able to sit up, nor scarcely to speak intelligibly—for more than two years. During this time, it was that she said, more than once, "What will become of my poor lame boy?" Patient, loving, *thoughtful* mother! It is a great source of thankfulness that her mind was, most of the time, clear, and that her hope in Christ was always good. It was a great satisfaction that one or the other of her two only daughters—both of whom were married during her last illness, one in August, 1878; the other in August, 1879—was with her to the end.

Both my sisters, Eliza and Emma, were married by myself, as was my brother John, in Philadelphia, in 1858, and my brother Aaron, at Peapack, in 1860. I also assisted at the marriage of my brother Abraham, at Fairview, Ill., in 1866.

Brown-Séquard, of Paris, whom I saw in New York, said, "Your particular disease is congestion of the spine, and a partial paralysis resulting from it. The cause of the congestion has been probably an over-heating, or over-exertion, or possibly a draught of cold air on the spine. Any one of these causes may have produced the congestion." He gave me no assurance of recovery, but said, "We will try." The last time I saw him, in 1873, he said, "Don't take any more medicine; you're so well *now*, and it may make you sick." I have followed his advice pretty closely, and my general health is improved.

Since 1876, I have not been able to walk. I suffer no pain, am not sick, eat well and sleep pretty well, ride frequently,

five miles at a time, and sometimes fifteen, and have done as much literary work, within a year, as ever before, in the same length of time.

In September and October, 1877, I had a very severe illness. Part of the time I suffered great pain in my head, but none otherwise, and was not sick, but was brought very low. Doctor Berg said to me afterwards, "Every morning for two weeks I expected to find you dead." About the close of that two weeks, Emma, my younger sister, met the doctor at the door one morning, and said, "Domine is better!" He replied, "Don't please yourself with that idea; I have told you plainly, so that you need not be disappointed—he *can't get well!*"

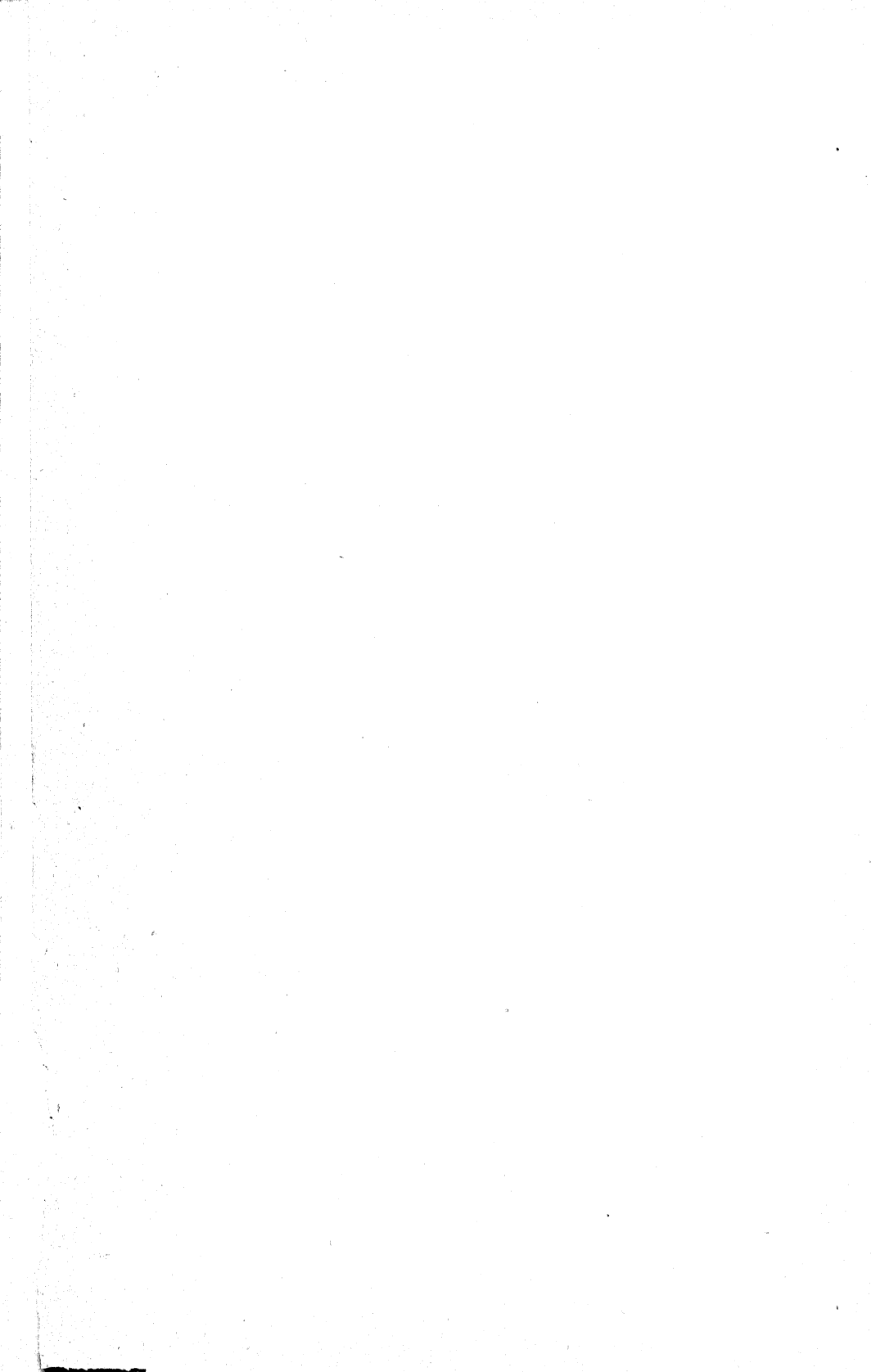
Very little was said about it, but I fully expected during that sickness to die, and my friends looked for the same result. One day, during this time, my brothers and sisters consulted about the propriety of speaking to me of my real condition, what they feared, etc., but they hesitated, lest it might excite me, and so make me worse. Finally Emma said, "He shan't die so; I'll tell him, if none of the rest will." John, my oldest brother, said, "No; I'll do it." He came to me immediately, and most tenderly and affectionately, yet calmly, told me, very plainly, what all feared. I was not at all agitated nor made worse by the announcement. I record now, with gratitude to God—and for this purpose I have related all this—that I was enabled to say, "The future is all right—I long ago attended to that." I had hoped that I might die then, but in thinking it over one day I said to myself, "No; it isn't right; I must have no will but God's. If He wills that I should get well, I must be willing; if not, then it will be all right."

The Classis of Raritan, at their last regular meeting in April, adopted the following minute:

"The classis has heard with satisfaction that our brother, Rev. Henry P. Thompson, though enfeebled in bodily strength, continues in mental vigor, and continues to use his pen, and has unabated interest in the kingdom of Christ. The classis expresses and records its love and sympathy for its esteemed and afflicted brother.

"*Resolved*, That this be recorded, and a copy transmitted to Brother Thompson."





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